

NEWS

From the Big Hardware Store

Miss Georgia Corbett has returned from a two weeks' visit in Pittsburg.

There is no place like home—especially when you have a Peninsular Hot Blast Stove to keep you warm.

Miss Ella Seeley has just returned from the city, where she purchased goods for her usual holiday display.

O say! Have you seen those beautiful enameled gas stoves in our window? They are warranted not to crack or change color.

The Star Glass Company, who experienced some difficulty in turning out a good quality of glass at the beginning of the fire, are at present making some of the finest glass ever made at this plant.

Miss Clair Brosius, of Hawthorne, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. J. C. Sayers.

Do you want a stove that is a stove? One that will burn slack and consume all its smoke. One that you can regulate the heat so as to keep the temperature at a certain degree all the time. One that will hold fire 36 hours and has large ash pan and a door with mica glass to illuminate the room, fits air tight. That keeps the floor nice and warm so the children can be on the floor without taking cold. If so we would advise you to get a Peninsular Hot Blast. Every stove guaranteed. If not as we represent it to be, we will refund your money.

Now that your turkey is ordered for Thanksgiving, call and see our beautiful carving sets.

Mrs. E. Weiser and Mrs. Emanuel Schugars, of Emericville, were in town Thursday and after examining the different kinds of hot blasts, ordered a Peninsular with a large ash pan.

We have a few second-hand cook, heating and gas stoves which will be sold cheap. Call and examine them.

Dr. Charles Hammond, of Wishaw, was in town Saturday and of course ordered one of the greatest heating stoves in the world—the Peninsular Hot Blast with ash pan.

Reynoldsville Hardware Co.



The name Eldredge has stood for the BEST in the Sewing Machine World. Here is a New Eldredge, BETTER than EVER, and Superior to all others. Positive take-up; self setting needle; self threading Shuttle; automatic tension release; automatic bobbin winder; positive four motion roller bearing wheel, steel pitman, five ply laminated woodwork, with a beautiful set of nickel steel attachments. Ask your dealer for the Improved Eldredge "B" and do not buy any machine until you have seen it.

National Sewing Machine Co. BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.

C. F. HOFFMAN, AGENT. Reynoldsville, Pa.



For An Informal Call

a Clothcraft Single Breasted Suit is most appropriate.

It combines dignity with snap and dash, and has a dressiness that the occasion demands.

Its fit is faultless as with all Clothcraft suits.

Back hangs without a wrinkle, fronts remain as smooth as when they left the tailor's goose, lapels lie close to the collar, trousers hang faultlessly over knee and heel.

The illustration shows how one of the "Clothcraft" models looks in actual service.

Materials are fancy Worsteds, Cheviots, Tweeds and Mixtures in light and dark colors.

Get one of these suits to wear when you make your next call and you'll be strictly in good form.

We have them from \$10 to \$25.

Bing-Stoke Co.

Reynoldsville, Pa.

Wedding Invitations and Visiting Cards neatly and promptly printed at The Star office.

FAMILIAR HOSPITALITY.

The Way Villagers in the Orient Entertain Passing Strangers.

The villagers who entertain the stranger in their houses naturally enough expect him to talk to them, for thus only can he give them the return they anticipate for their hospitality. As a general rule they will accept no remuneration for the food and shelter they give, but they do expect payment for the feed of the animals. The conversation one has to carry on with the host and the other villagers who drop in to see and pay their respects to the stranger is entertaining and even amusing as long as one is a novice in the country, because it is unsophisticated prattle, such as one must have heard in Europe in the middle ages. One unfalling topic is the rotundity of the world, the negative side of the question being always defended. They cannot believe that the sun remains stationary, for why should they disregard the evidence of their own eyes, which shows them that it does move across the vault of heaven? They ask you how much tribute your countrymen pay to their padishah (whom we wrongly call sultan), whose foot is upon the neck of all nations, as they firmly believe. They inquire minutely into your business at home and your reasons for travel in their country, etc. They handle with childlike joy and amazement your rifle and revolver, your knife, pen, pencils, your helmet and clothing, and the women can never have enough of feeling and fondling your socks, which are more evenly and closely knit than their backwoods homemade article. One must submit to an examination of this kind wherever one stops, often several times a day. Finally it falls on the traveler unless he is gifted with the patience of Job, and from that moment he tries to avoid village hospitality. A further reason for such avoidance is the fact that the acceptance of the hospitality of villagers makes it impossible for the traveler to put into durable form his road notes of the day while matters are still fresh in his mind. For the scientific traveler or the archaeologist this is of the utmost moment. Now, among Turks writing in the house of your entertainer would simply be impolite and a boorish return for the hospitality, but Arabs regard the man who writes or draws as a spy, and will not permit it at all.—J. R. S. Sterrett in Harper's Magazine.

THE STEAMER STEWARD.

A Busy Man Who Carries a Heavy Load of Responsibility.

The comfort of the passenger depends perhaps more on the vigilance and executive ability of the chief steward than any one else. He it is who orders the supplies for the voyage, has a minute knowledge of what the store-rooms and refrigerators contain and sees that the menu for each meal is ample, well cooked and daintily served. He makes arrangements in port for the entire trip, plans each day's meals at sea and with the assistance of the chief cook gets up the menu card. You will find him mornings in his office, just off the grand staircase, making up his books and records, but during the rest of the day he is all over the ship, now taking a look at the store-rooms far below to see that groceries and provisions are rightly served out to the cooks, now inspecting the refrigerators to note the temperature and again watching the butchers with precise knowledge of how meats shall be cut and seeing that they are delivered to the cooks on time and in the right quantities. All these things he is responsible for. But that is by no means all. He must also keep a minute record of all transactions of this sort and must have a watchful eye upon the passengers to note that his lieutenants among the men are giving them prompt and cheerful service. He has a record of every passenger traveling with him and all the details connected with his journey. If you sailed with him last year or twenty years ago he can refer to his books and tell you the date of the voyage, its duration, your room and seat and table and just what the stewards served to you.—Booklovers' Magazine.

Blamed It on the Mountain Air.

A new guest arrived at a New Hampshire farmhouse where a Boston gentleman happened to be holding forth on the piazza. The newcomer was much impressed by the speaker's fluency. "I declare," he remarked to the landlord, "that man has an extensive vocabulary, hasn't he?" The landlord was mightily pleased. "That's so," he said. "That's what mountain air will do for a man. He ain't been boardin' with me but two weeks, and I know he must have let his waistband out much as four times."—Rochester Herald.

Method in It.

Miss Gabbie—it's strange that a girl who used to wear her hair so neatly is so careless about it now. She has to keep brushing stray locks back with her hand. Miss Chellus—That's not strange. She's got an engagement ring.—Philadelphia Press.

Manage as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the borders of superfluity.—Jacobi.

Fatal Good Fortune.

There is a story told of a miner to whom sudden good fortune brought an sudden death. He was a man who touched ill luck at the start and could not get away from it. Not a grain of gold could he find in his own claim; his capital was exhausted; he could not even obtain a livelihood as a laborer for others. In the depths of despair he went to the owners of a mine long worked out and begged permission to go down the shaft. It was granted. He went down, and 200 feet from the surface he drove in his pick and discovered something. He came up with it and asked that his find might be examined and weighed. That was done. "Is it all mine?" he asked. It was, they told him. "It's not the government's?" No, it was not the government's. "Nor anybody else's?" No, nor anybody else's. "It all belongs entirely and solely to me?" It did. The nameless wanderer had found one of the biggest nuggets unearthed. It weighed 196 pounds of pure gold. They turned to congratulate him, to find that joy had killed him. The story is said to be true.

Brass Button Acts.

Acts were passed in the reigns of William III., Anne and George I. which made it illegal for any tailor to make or any man to wear clothes with any buttons other than those made of brass appended thereto. The law further enacted that not only should any tailor who committed a breach of it be fined 40 shillings, but also that he should not be able to recover from his customer in a court of law the price of the suit which he had adorned with the offending buttons. The whole object of the act was to protect the Birmingham metal button makers. A circumstance came before the courts in the year 1854 or 1855, in which a man, on being sued by his tailor, raised a successful defense relying on the acts in question, that the buttons on the clothes which he had ordered were bone and not brass, called attention to the existence of the anachronism, and the restrictions were soon after abolished.—London King.

"Othello" in a Malay Theater.

A correspondent writing in the Australian thus describes a performance of "Othello" in a Malay theater: "It was all in Malay, of course, but where they had got the European costumes from I cannot imagine. They were of all kinds and descriptions. Othello was dressed as a tendor, with tennis shoes on; Cassio, as Henry VIII.; Iago in a black velvet court suit, with a barrister's wig well down over his nose; Desdemona, in a short Spanish dancing girl's dress; Roderigo, a green Druid's gown, with pink stockings and tanned boots. But the joke of the whole thing was the music. There was a Malay orchestra of banjos, mandolins, etc., but they played scarcely any native music. They all simply love European music, to which they set their own Malay words. The whole play was interspersed with songs, just like our comic operas."

Charitable Doctors.

Doctors give away more than any other class of men on earth. It is stated that the gratuitous services of physicians last year to one large Philadelphia hospital amounted to over \$500,000 at ordinary fees. Upon this the Wisconsin Medical Recorder remarks that "if any individual or any society had given \$500,000 to any cause the fact would have appeared in all the dailies with large headlines, but this free work of the physicians has come to be considered as too common for notice."

One City.

And this was only one hospital in one city. How enormous this free work in the whole country must have been last year!

A Japanese Hint.

The proverbial politeness of the Japanese has resulted in the development of a number of neat little customs. One of the best is the manner in which one hostess gets rid of an unwelcome guest. She does not hint that the time is about up for his stay or that she is going visiting soon, but sets to work preparing a dainty luncheon, which she packs in a little box, ties up with ribbon and paper and hands to the guest some morning. It isn't an insult, either; it's just a hint, and one that is always taken.

Behind the Bars.

If you are an amateur photographer and have a negative of some friend whom you would like to see locked up for a long term, put your printing frame just inside a wire mosquito netting when you print the next picture from the negative. The result will be a print showing your friend behind the bars. The effect will be almost startling.

Mistaken.

Jack—I thought that the author of this book was famous for his keen understanding of women. Jane—Well, do you doubt it? Jack—Of course. He says that the heroine suffered in silence.—Kansas City Independent.

Tit For Tat.

She—The Swellingtons called on us last week, you know. He—Yes. She—Don't you think it is about time we should retaliate?—New York Press.

WORN AWAY BY SHEEP.

California Geologist Tells How Anacapa Island Is Disappearing.

The island of Anacapa, one of the Santa Barbara channel group, is slowly disappearing in the ocean is the startling statement of Fred Johnson, who with a party of scientists from Berkeley, Cal., recently visited the place, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. And more curious still, Johnson claims that this phenomenon is due to the presence of 400 sheep on the barren rocky island. These sheep, according to Johnson, are actually wearing away the rocks. On the south side of the island they run along the top of precipitous cliffs, forming deep paths about three feet from the edge of the cliff. Rain soaks into these runs, and from time to time parts of the bluff fall into the sea.

On the north side of the island are canyons and hollows where the soil has collected. Between the rock and the upper crust the soil washes out and caves sometimes as deep as twenty feet are formed. The sheep run over the top of these, wear ruts in the earth, which in turn is washed into the sea.

Another remarkable statement of the scientists who visited the island is to the effect that there is no drinking water on the island for the sheep. All the refreshment and nourishment they get comes from the leaves of the prickly pear plant, which the sheep very dexterously manipulate so as not to be hurt by the thorns. The only man on the island is the sheep herder, who draws his supply of drinking and cooking water from a cistern in which he collects rain water.

THE THANKSGIVING TABLE.

Suggestions For Decorating the Festival Board.

Something colonial by way of decoration is always in order on Thanksgiving, says Harper's Bazar. A pretty centerpiece may be made of wheat and small artificial pumpkins, the wheat, bought at the florist's in a set piece, will need to be opened and rearranged in a small sheaf. Smaller sheaves may be set down the length of the table if it is sufficiently long, and the yellow may be still further carried out in bonbons and in the candies and shades, and the leas may be served either in little pumpkins or may be molded in that shape.

A tiny card bearing the name of the guest may be tied with yellow ribbon around the neck of a small turkey and put before each cover. These turkeys, by the way, come at all prices and in every variety, from the little feathered fowl which costs but a few cents to a really artistic iridescent bronze bird which will serve as a paperweight later on.

The colonial idea may be suggested in the sherbet cups made of black paper in the form of quaint hats, such as John Alden wore. A spray of wheat may lie under each hat with good effect.

DIPLOMATIC JAPANESE.

A Merchant's Method of Appreciating Courtesies Shown His Friends.

Japanese diplomacy was illustrated the other day when a small party of Japanese merchants were visiting the Commercial museums in Philadelphia. One of the attaches, a secretary, had the visitors in charge and was very attentive to the party, taking pains to fully explain everything of interest in the museums, and more particularly the features that most interested the Japanese, says the Philadelphia Record. When the merchants were leaving, their leader, stating that he desired to reciprocate in a small way the courtesies that had been shown his friends, produced a beautiful silk handkerchief, showing a composite design in colors of the American and Japanese flags, which he presented to the museum attaché.

"It is a little token of the amity that exists between our nations," he remarked. "Japan is on a friendly footing with all the world. I have handkerchiefs with composites of the Japanese flags and flags of all other countries. Wherever we visit we leave some of them as souvenirs. They are small things, but it is such little things that tend to promote the friendly feeling between peoples. Perhaps," he concluded, with a smile, "we will be distributing handkerchiefs bearing composites of the Russian and Japanese flags in Russia before long."

Waterlogged.

A little girl, when recovering from scarlet fever, drank a great deal of water. Her nerves were weak, and she cried for slight causes. "I wouldn't cry," said her mother, as the tears began to come. "How can I help it," sobbed the child, "when I am so full of water?"

Highly Considerate.

"But, do you think, Richard," questioned his mother, "that the young person will make you the sort of a wife a man like you should seek?" "Well," he returned nonchalantly, "she'll make me the sort of husband a girl like her should find."—Chicago Journal.

Men attending the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever or influenza.

PRIMITIVE MINING.

The Way Rubies Are Found, Washed and Sold in Burma.

The system practiced for obtaining rubies in the mining districts in Burma is of the most primitive description. The mining shafts are simply holes about two feet square sunk to a depth varying up to fifty or sixty feet. The shoring up of the walls of the shafts is most crude, the sides being supported by posts at the corners and branches of small trees secured against the sides by stout sticks.

The miner carries a tin pot similar in shape to a blunt ended cone on his head. He squats down in one corner and digs between his knees in the opposite corner. The earth, or byon, as the ruby bearing earth is called, is conveyed to the top as fast as it is excavated in small buckets let down from above. The apparatus for raising and lowering the buckets is simple in the extreme. A stout bamboo post about twenty feet high, called a maungdine, is fixed upright in the ground at a convenient distance from the pit or dwin and a long, thinner bamboo pivoted horizontally into the upper end of it so as to project an eighth from the mine and the long arm toward the mine.

From the end of the long arm hangs a long cane fastened to a longer thin bamboo, the latter ending in a double hook, and from the short end hangs a basket of stones. The buckets are raised by the inner arm with its hook, while the stones counterbalance the weight. Usually three men work in a dwin—one down below, one hauling up the baskets, and the third operator piles up the byon as it is received. The byon is excavated by means of a straight, strong tool about two feet three inches long, with a broad blade. The baskets are shallow and circular, with loop cane handles.

When enough byon has been piled up it is taken off and put into a stone paved circular inclosure resembling a bath under a fall of water and shoveled about with a mattock till the mud and clay are washed away and the stones are all collected in a deep hole at the end of a narrow channel. These are then strained, sieved and finally sorted and all rubies and sapphires placed in a little bamboo cup full of clean water till the wash is over. They are then transferred to a little calico bag, which every mine owner carries, and are finally transferred to the unclean hands of the money lending fraternity, who flock around in crowds on the bazaar days to buy any stones found during the week.—Scientific American.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The very best a man can do is not very much.

Some way it causes a smile when a married woman announces that she is taking music lessons.

To be a fool is always bad enough, but to be a fool and be in love is the most fatal of all the combinations of fool.

Remember when you run away from punishment that punishment has a great habit of waiting around till you come back.

One of the most pitiful sights in the world is an intelligent, energetic, progressive woman married to a worthless man who doesn't know much. When a girl buys her wedding outfit she should leave her father enough money to pay for the relief expedition he may be compelled to send to her later on.—Aitchison Globe.

Pia Money For the Rich.

The devices of the daughters of rich men to make their own money are perfectly well known to the managers of women's exchanges, which are established solely to help poor women put their work on the market. One day I was in an exchange when a woman, evidently a lady's maid, came in and registered some embroidery in her own name. The superintendent took up the work and in a casual way asked the supposed artist to show her how to do a particular stitch. The woman pleaded lack of time and went out embarrassed and looking sad. "I thought so," said the superintendent. "She brings her mistress' work. Her mistress is the daughter of a very rich man, but she has no pocket money, and the poor thing has to cheat the exchange by selling her work here under her maid's name."—Everybody's Magazine.

What Did the Romans Smoke?

At a depth of nine feet underground at the old Roman fort of Aliso, near Haltern, the surface of which was proved to have remained undisturbed since the Roman occupation, fifty-four fragments of various clay pipes were found. Their shape was almost uniform, and they could be divided into three groups, one of which was characterized by clumsy and very rough workmanship. The other groups were of much finer make and decorated with figures and Roman characters. From marks found on all of them it was evident that they had been used for smoking.—London Standard.

Sympathy is due any woman whose husband has dyspepsia. It closes up the path to his heart.—Aitchison Globe.

He who begins many things finishes nothing.—Simmons.

DRUGS AND THE EYES.

Certain Poisons That Have a Most Injurious Effect.

Certain poisons possess the property of acting in a decided manner on the eye. Atropine enlarges the pupil and for this purpose has become indispensable in ophthalmology. Santonin causes one to see yellow. Disturbances of vision have furthermore been observed as secondary effects of certain medicines; for instance, after the use of quinine, iodoform and naphthalin, which, in a case of intestinal catarrh, caused a cataract. The worm disease in the district of the Ruhr in Germany has furnished an opportunity for the observation that the popular fern root, much employed as a remedy, may give rise to serious ocular injury. The use of this remedy in the case of two miners led to incurable blindness.

In the trades there are also poisons which act especially upon the eye. Very dangerous, above all, is lead, which produces inflammation and atrophy of the optic nerve. "Workmen in mustard factories," says a German medical journal, "often suffer from inflammation of the cornea in consequence of the action of the mustard vapors upon the eye." Latterly serious visual disturbances have been produced by chloric oxide and chloric dioxide, poisonous vapors generated by the use of magnesium flashlight powders for photographic purposes.—Jewellers' Circular Weekly.

THE WORD "CHIC."

Probably Derived From a German Word Meaning Clever.

The word "chic," which comes to us through the French, but is probably derived from the German geschickt, clever, smart, has no exact equivalent in our language. Murray, in his standard work, suggests as another possible derivation that it may be an abbreviation of chicaner, in the sense of a deft twist or turn.

"Chic," used either as a substantive or as an adjective, implies such style and clever finish as gives an air of distinction to a person or thing and marks some excellence of fashion or taste. Applied to the fine arts it denotes the faculty of producing effective work with ease and skill, and from this its society application to correct grace and elegance and smartness follows very naturally.

Lever, in "The Martins of Croenarty," says: "The French have invented a slang word, and by 'chic' have designated a certain property by which objects assert their undoubted superiority over all their counterparts."

Some have connected the word with the Spanish chico, or chica, a diminutive expressive of approval.—London Standard.

RENOUNCED THE VIOLIN.

Wellington Never Touched It After He Became a Field Officer.

The Duke of Wellington played the violin as a subaltern, but gave it up when he became a field officer. The reason for this renunciation is supplied by the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie to the Duke of Sutherland in 1852: "Every one knows that to the last the duke was fond and a fine judge of music. In youth he was a performer on the violin, that, giving up a great deal of time to it, he began to fear lest the hereditary taste should get the better of him, and in one day he broke the spell, laid aside his violin and never afterward touched it. This circumstance occurred during the time of his early attachment to my dear friend the duchess, who has often repeated it to me with pride as an omen of what was to be expected from his great self command and firmness of decision."

It may be added that the Duke of Wellington inherited his love of music from his father, Lord Mornington, who was a doctor of music and a composer of no small merit.—Pearson's.

Costly Fishes.

The most beautiful and costly fishes in the world come from China, and the rarest of all is the brush tail goldfish. Specimens of these have sold for as high as \$140 each, and in Europe the prices range from \$50 to \$100. The brush tail goldfish is so small that a half crown piece will cover it, and probably there is no living thing of its size and weight that is worth so much money.—London Mail.

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Apollo—Your cook seems to have a very refined appearance. Mrs. Brooks—She says she is a Vassar girl. Mrs. Cunningham—She worked for me once and then said she was a Wellesley girl. Mrs. Devine—She told me she had been a cook at both colleges.—Smart Set.

Through the Telescope.

Uppardson—You were in a railway car once when it was telescoped. What was the sensation? Atom—It made me see stars.—Exchange.

Of Course.

Tommy—Pop, what makes the fountain play? Tommy's Pop—The water-works, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

If you like to read and have many books, be careful lest you read too much and think too little.